

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, September 5, 1801.

Appearances Deceitful.

A TALE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBU.]

(CONCLUDED.)

HER inexorable husband would not even see the child. He sent it to the wife of a boor, and ordered it to be educated as an orphan. The gardener's wife quitted Emilia two weeks after her delivery; the Count returned to the city, and the wretched victim remained a prey to consuming misery for more than three years.

It was at this time that Baron T—, her brother, a Major in the Brunswick service, returned from America. He loved his sister sincerely, and Count Z** had been the friend of his early years. He therefore, as soon as possible after his return, obtained leave of absence for a few months, and hastened to embrace his relations. Accustomed to see his brother's house the seat of pleasure; accustomed there to find an entertaining circle of both sexes, drawn together by the Count's affability and hospitality; he was not a little surprised to perceive the door shut, which formerly was ever open. He imagined, however, it might be caused by some little excursion of pleasure. He knocked at the door; a miserable Swiss opened it.—“Is your master at home?”—“Yes,” replied the porter. “At home is he?” said the Baron. “Well, so much the better.”

He entered: no footman opened the door: no lady's maid tripped forth to meet him: no lap-dog barked: no parrot chattered: all, all was dead, as in the habita-

tion of a miser. He walked into the Count's room, and found him sitting on a sofa, with his eyes rivetted on Emilia's picture, which hung opposite to him.

Starting, as from an oppressive dream, he staggered towards the Baron, burst into his arms in speechless agony, and pressed him with fervour to his heart. At the same moment a flood of tears gushed from his eyes; for time had converted his rage into melancholy.

“Brother,” exclaimed Baron T—, “what means all this? Your house is now no more the same, and you—scarce can I recognize you. Where is that manly bloom which once adorned your cheek? Those frightful looks forebode some terrible calamity.—Where is my sister?” “Ah!” sighed the Count. The Baron started, and hastily demanded—“Is she dead?”—“To me she is dead,” returned Gustavus. “Explain yourself,” said her brother. “Alas!” cried he, “the grave of her honour was the grave of my peace.” Displeasure lowered upon the Baron's forehead. “Her honour!—Is it possible!—No, it cannot be.”—“And yet thus it is,” cried the unfortunate deluded Count. Sobbing, and scarce able to articulate his words, he related to the friend of his youth, the brother of his still beloved Emilia, the adventure of that hateful eve of All Saints, his anguish, his fury, and his revenge.

Baron T— stood fixed in gloomy speechless meditation, shuddering at the conviction of his sister's infidelity, and in vain seeking any means of vindication. “For ever cursed then,” cried he at last, be the whole hypocritical sex! What look can be the look of innocence if Emilia's was not? Brother, be a man. Forget a woman unworthy of your love. Let no recollection of a faithless wife intrude upon the joys of youth which beckon to you from every side.

You have concealed this affair, you have thereby spared the honour of my family, for which I thank you; and now, from this moment Emilia's dead, her name is for ever banished from our conversation.”

Baron T— kept his promise.—The name of the Countess never fell from his lips: and though a secret sorrow likewise preyed on him; although the wasted form of his once so much loved sister often floated in his sight, yet he assumed a cheerful look, and together with his brother, rushed from one vortex of dissipation into another.

One day they happened to be sauntering in an open walk in the city, where noblemen and beggars, and persons of every description promiscuously paraded; suddenly the Count espied a priest, pale, emaciated, and supporting himself upon a stick,—“Heavens!” cried he “see, that is Emilia's confessor.”

Baron T— started, looked fearfully towards him, and was silent: “Come, dear T—,” said Gustavus, after a pause, “let us tear the wound once more open. I will address him. I will prove to him that I am well acquainted with every particular. He will not acknowledge any thing, but his looks will betray him.”

He seized the Baron's arm, and drew him away partly against his will.—“Reverend old man,” commenced the Count, “whence the sorrow which I see pourtrayed upon your fallow cheek?”—“It is not sorrow, my lord,” answered the priest. “I stood upon the brink of the grave, but it has pleased the Almighty that I should return to this world. I am better, and by order of my physician, have to-day for the first time, stepped into the open air.” “I congratulate you,” said the Count. “Do you know me?”—“Undoubtedly, my lord, I have the honour of speaking to Count Z**.” “True,” replied he, “you are

speaking to the unfortunate Count Z**, whose misery is to you alone no secret."—"My lord," stammered Anselmo, "pardon me, I do not understand you." The Count cast a look of bitter scorn at him,—"You mean to say you must not understand me. Have you not been surprised that during these three years you have not seen my wife at the chair of absolution?"—"No, my lord," returned the priest, "I have not been surprised. She probably has found a man more worthy of her confidence. It has hurt me, I will not deny; for she is a noble excellent lady."—"All in vain, Sir," said Gustavus, "all in vain; your secrecy is needless. Know that on that hateful eve of All Saints, I myself was concealed in the church, and heard the vile transaction which Emilia confessed to you.—*I know that the lovely youth for six months daily visited our bed-chamber; I know that each time he escaped while we were at supper.* You see, Sir, all, all is known. You have pardoned her in the name of God, but as I hope for pardon from God, I cannot."

Anselmo raised his hands and eyes towards heaven. "Almighty Providence!" exclaimed he, "now do I see why thou hast not hearkened to my fervent prayer, that I might depart to the habitations of peace! Oh! my lord, what have you done? Your wife is innocent. You must remember young Wildham, the orphan whom you educated, and for whom you three years since procured an office in the customs. An unlawful amour had taken place between him and your maid-servant, and their meetings were in your chamber. Her ladyship at length detected them. She dismissed the servant instantly, but concealed the whole from you, because she feared your hasty temper, and wished not to ruin the young man. To me she disclosed the whole transaction, because her scrupulous conscience reproached her with the idea, that the girl, after her dismissal from your service, might be guilty of more irregularities."

As if thunderstruck, tortured, racked by every word which fell from the lips of the confessor, stood Count Z**, and trembled in every limb. He recollected that young Wildham had lately married his wife's former servant, and acknowledged a child of some years old to be his own. The scales fell from his eyes; the mist dispersed; he saw his beloved, suffering, innocent Emilia, and sunk almost senseless against a tree. The Baron, almost as violently agitated, stood rooted to the spot, and unable to speak. The pious priest immediately gave a signal to a hackney coachman,

and conducted the brothers to the Count's house.

Scarce had Gustavus recovered his faculties, when he called aloud for horses. During the few moments employed in preparing them, he ran to and fro, howling and wringing his hands. In vain did the Baron and Anselmo endeavour to console him; he saw them not; he heard them not. The horses arrived at the door; he rushed down the steps, threw himself upon one of them, and galloped away without looking behind him, or asking whether his brother would accompany him.

Baron T— followed him. Away they flew over hill and dale, day and night, without resting a moment longer than was necessary to change horses. At midnight, after the second day, they knocked at the gates of the castle.

Emilia, stretched on her bed of straw, just started from a terrific dream;—she heard the noise at the gates;—she heard them opened, and again barred.—Hark!—The footsteps of many persons echoed thro' the dark and lonesome gallery which led to her prison.—Hark!—The key clicked in the lock of the iron door; the bolt was pushed aside; the door was opened: the glare of twenty torches dazzled Emilia's eye.—See!—a writhing man lay at her feet—she recognized her husband.—See!—a weeping youth lay in her arms—she recognized her brother. Oh! who can describe the raptures of a guiltless soul, whose innocence is at length manifest; of a tender heart, which at once recovers all that is dear to it?

As yet the Count was stretched upon the earth, sobbing, and asking whether she could ever forgive him.—She embraced him—forgave him—attempted to raise him—in vain—he saw her wan disfigured countenance, and buried his own in dust. Emilia at last knelt at his side, clasped him in her arms with heart-felt affection, and mixed her tears with his. Her brother, deeply moved, surveyed in silence the affecting scene.

After the first storm had subsided, and the three happy people had forsaken the dreary dungeon, Emilia, with tender anxiety, and in a gentle tone, said to her husband, "Where are my children? Are they still alive? It must now be three years since I heard any thing of them."

In repentant agony the count again fell at her feet, and swore he was undeserving of her pardon. The youngest child, a lovely girl, was immediately brought from the boor's wife. Emilia clasped it in her arms, every maternal feeling awoke, and

for the first time tinged her pallid cheeks again with red.

The next morning, shortly before their departure, the Count commanded his steward to destroy the odious turret, and level it with the earth. "No," said Emilia, smiling, and throwing her arm round her husband's neck, "the turret must remain as it now is, or where should I have any evidence against you?—These fallen cheeks will rise again;—these pallid lips will regain their colour;—these languid eyes will recover their former lustre;—but the turret, let the turret remain as it now is,—let it be a warning to each traveller who passes on this road, never to condemn his wife upon appearances."

EXTRACTS FROM

Bartolomeo's Voyage to India.

(CONTINUED.)

Description of the different species of SERPENTS found in Malabar.

THE commonest, tho' not the most poisonous kind of these animals, found in Malabar, is the *Nallapamba*, that is, the beautiful snake. It is so called, because it has hanging round its neck two pieces of skin, which shine like a pair of spectacles, and which it can extend over its head like a hood or cap. Of this snake there are several varieties. One has a complete cap at both sides of its head, and is called *Padamullaven*: another is furnished with this cap only on one side, and is called *Ottapudaven*. A third kind has a complete cap, but is much smaller than the other two, and is the most poisonous of all. When these snakes attack a man, or fight with the *Kirri*,* they raise themselves up in a perpendicular direction; turn round on their tail, whistle, move the upper part of their body from side to side, and in that manner

* A small animal not bigger than a mouse. It appears to be the same with the *Ichneumon* of the ancients. It is a mortal enemy to the snakes, which it torments till they twist themselves together, and lie as if in a state of torpor, when it springs upon them, and seizing them by the neck, soon dispatches them. During this contest the snake raises up half its body, erects its crest, hisses, and endeavours to wound its antagonist; but this little animal, which is exceedingly active and sharp-sighted, finds means to avoid the threatened blow with the utmost dexterity, till the snake at last loses its strength, and resigns the victory. This contest I have seen more than once. The *Kirri* has fine hair of an ash-grey colour, a thick tail, a sharp-pointed snout, keen eyes, and small ears. This pretty animal is very much attached to man: is fond of playing with him; and is not soon irritated. It creeps into every hole and corner; frequently steals eggs; lies in wait for the bats and other night birds, and never allows any of them to remain in the house where it resides.

endeavour to wound their antagonist. Some of these snakes are from three to four, others from six to eight palms in length; but the smallest, which the Indians call *Caylocungni*, is the most poisonous. A person bit by it dies generally in three or four hours; but this depends on the place where the wound has been inflicted, whether in any of the nobler parts of the body from which the poison is conveyed sooner to the heart. With theriac of Poitiers, and the antidote of Madura, I have cured more than fifty persons who had been bitten by serpents of this kind. When I took charge of such patients, I caused them, above all things, to be kept under a very warm covering, and both the doors and windows to be carefully shut, that no cool air might touch them. As I knew from experience that the poison communicates to the blood a deadly coldness, by which it is crudled, I made my patients frequently drink warm water, and gave them two or three doses of theriac or the Madura antidote. If a perspiration followed, and if their breathing became freer, I continued the same treatment, making them take theriac and warm water. If the whole mass of the blood, however, was already infected my method of cure failed, and the patients infallibly died.

The descriptions given by the ancients, of the Aspis, agrees exceedingly well with this serpent, and there is reason to conclude that it is the same animal. The wild swine, and different kind of fowls, however, eat them; but they always leave the head. It may be rendered as tame as any domestic animal, if a little milk and sugar be daily placed before it; it comes then every day at certain hours to eat its food; never offers the least injury to any one; and suffers itself to be taught various tricks. When these snakes arrive at any place where there are a great many poultry, they unite together, and range themselves in order of battle against the enemy. In this respect they seem to be guided by the same instinct which induces the buffaloes, as soon as they discover a tiger, to form themselves into a circle, with their hind parts squeezed close together, and thus to present their horns to the ravenous animal. This snake is fond of frequenting gardens where there are pine-apples, by the smell of which it seems to be attracted. On the other hand, all snakes; without exception, fly from burning sulphur, and from all plants, roots, and vegetables which emit a strong smell.

Another poisonous snake is, by the natives of Malabar, called *Villiketten*, or *Val-lumi*, and by some of the Europeans the

ringed snake, because it has several white rings around its body. It is, however, only two palms in length, and as thick as the finger, but exceedingly poisonous. It enters sitting apartments, and creeps not only under tables and chairs, but even under the beds.

The snake *Ettadimuken* is called by the Portuguese *Cobra de oito passos*, because it always contracts itself together, and then springs forward eight paces.

The *Cerattapamba*, that is, the springing snake, is of a small size, perfectly white; always holds its head erect, and when it moves, forms its body into a bow.

Tevi is the name of a beautiful, small, striped snake, which hurts nobody. When one of this kind is killed, a great many of the same species resort to the same place, and remain in the neighbourhood till their dead companion is removed. However incredible this circumstance may appear, it is certain that an instance of it occurred at the seminary of *Ambalacatti*, in the presence of at least thirty persons. I have several times been on the point of killing one of these snakes; but the Christians, as well as Pagans, always requested me for heaven's sake not to do it, else it would be impossible for them to remain in their houses, on account of the great number of snakes which would assemble from all quarters, and which they would not get rid of for several days. I shall leave it to naturalists to explain this singular phenomenon.

Malapamba, or *Perimpamba*, the mountain-snake, found in the Gaults, is altogether of a dark-brown colour; from thirty to forty feet in length, and as thick as a fed ox. It has no teeth; but it devours dogs, deer, cows and other animals, which it seizes by twisting itself round their bodies. The existence of this monstrous animal is beyond all doubt; for some of them have been seen at *Vaypur*, *Cagnarapalli*, and other places. Sometimes they are swept down from the mountains by the violence of the streams. If a person takes a spoonful of the fat of this snake, and drinks warm water afterwards, it expels the leprosy.

The *Irutalakuszali* is a snake with two heads, whatever Charleton and others may say to the contrary. In Portuguese it is called *Cobra de duas cabeças*, and in Latin, the *Amphisbana*. M. Rosier, the commandant at Collam, shewed me two snakes of this kind, which he preserved in a glass jar. I saw one of them also in the mountains of *Malacatur*. It is a palm or a palm and a half in length; has the colour of withered

leaves; and does not, like other snakes, creep straight forwards, but always rears one of its heads, and makes an arch with its body when it moves.

The most poisonous and most dangerous of all the Malabar serpents is called the *Rudhiramandali*. This Sanscred word implies that it is spotted, and that its poison forces the blood from the bodies of those whom it wounds; for *Rudhira* signifies blood, and *Mandali* ornamented with spots. The dreadful effects of its poison is described by Lucan in the following lines:

Deeply the fierce *Hæmorrhoids* impress
Her fatal teeth on *Tullius*' valiant breast:
The noble youth, with *Virtue's* love inspir'd,
Her, in her *Caro*, follow'd and admir'd;
Mov'd by his great example, vow'd to share,
With him, each chance of that disastrous war.
And as when mighty *Rome's* spectators meet
In the full theatre's capacious seat,
At once, by secret pipes and channels fed,
Rich tinctures gush from every antique head;
At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
And rain their odours on the crowd below:
So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting
heart;
Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace;
Where'er the liquid juice find a way,
There streams of blood, these crimson rivers stray;
His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood
In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.

In this horrid situation I once saw a young woman of about twenty years of age at *Verapole*. A great number of people earnestly requested that I would endeavour to mitigate the sufferings of this unfortunate girl; but neither theriac, volatile alkali, nor the antidote of Madura, could be of any service, and she died in the course of about three hours. The bite of this snake, therefore, produces an effect directly contrary to that produced by the bite of the asp. The latter causes the blood to coagulate, and to freeze as it were in the veins; but the former decomposes it entirely, and sets it in such a fermentation that it runs from the body, as one may say, in the same manner as boiling water from a kettle that stands over the fire. No remedy has ever yet been discovered for the bite of this animal.

No less dangerous is another snake called *Polaven*, (not *Polaga*) the body of which is covered with tumours and pustules. Those unfortunate persons who are bit by it, sweat blood; but with this difference, that it oozes from the body in drops.

The *Karuwæla* has on its head three knobs or excrescences, which form a comb; and three red rings round its neck. It is an ell in length, and of a shining black colour, as far as the eyes, which are of a

fiery red, and sparkle with savage wildness. It is said that it can kill people merely by its look; and, if this be true, it may with propriety be called the Malabar basilisk. It is found no where but in the Gauts, from which it never descends unless when swept down by the rains.

The *Cancutti* is a small snake, which generally makes a spring at the eyes. I never had an opportunity of seeing this snake, or the preceding; but I was assured by the natives of Malabar, that both kinds are found in the country.

During my residence at *Verapole*, I found snakes every where, not only in the gardens but also in the houses, and even in the *Patayas*, or rice magazines. People, therefore, must be always on their guard, and keep every thing neat and clean. They must also burn frequently strong smelling substances, and such in particular as occasion a great deal of smoke and vapour; for these generally take up their abode in places where little attention is paid to cleanliness.

It is well known, that the Indians are acquainted with a method of charming serpents, or of enticing them towards them by a certain kind of art. This operation I have several times seen, and I always observed that the whole process was perfectly natural. The people who charm the snakes rub their hands with various kinds of sweet-smelling herbs, and employ at the same time the assistance of singing and music. As soon as the snake, which is acute of hearing, as well as sharp-sighted, perceives what is doing, it creeps from its hole, becomes as it were enchanted, and twists itself round a slender stick which is presented to it. The charmer then takes out its poison, puts it into a basket, and carries it about through the streets, where it is made to amuse the populace with all kinds of tricks.

ALBERT:

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

..... Consider what thou art,
And know thy duty.....

TANCRED, upon making the assault as pre-concerted, found (contrary to his expectation) that Louis took no further notice of it than merely planting some cannon on the walls to prevent him from effecting an entrance. After exerting himself to the utmost, he found it impossible either to gain an entrance into the city, or

to draw the enemy from it. Stung with mortification, he was obliged to return to his camp, where he remained the whole day in the most agonizing suspense, on account of the absence of his young friend. On the following day he received a letter from his enemy:

"Your base and cowardly attempt has failed. The miscreants who so far disgraced the noble institution of Chivalry, and the sacred name of Knights, are in my power, and they shall feel it, if the siege be not raised. I give you *three days to consider*—if at the end of that period, you do not consent, your base hirelings shall be decapitated, and yourself, rendered debile by this, will be an easy conquest. I know these knights are your chief support. But if, on the contrary, you consent, I will leave you in quiet possession of all your rights, excepting, only that you shall be feudatory to me. Thus will I satisfy my resentment against the brother of Julia.

LOUIS."

The heart of Tancred boiled with indignation at this infamous instance of the rancour of *the friend of his youth*. He determined to reject the proposals of the malicious enemy. He was strengthened in this resolution by the herald—"I knee y Rinaldo," said he, "his father was to me a benefactor, and I felt glad at being able in any manner to requite his kindness. Our prince has become so exhausted by his long absence from home, and his soldiers beginning to mutiny on every side, he will, I know, be glad to make a peace on almost any terms, for he cannot stand the siege many days. By his orders I communicated the contents of the letter, you have just received, to the two friends. Without a moment's hesitation, they both exclaimed, that they would sooner suffer death, than that you should submit to such offers: They would never live at the expence of your honour." I further told them, that my master wished them to second his offers with their influence—they were both very much enraged at the insult—but gave me this letter.

"Tancred!"

"Spurn the offers of the base tyrant—we will willingly lay down our lives, rather than suffer you to become tributary to the villainous seducer of the sister of our master, and our friend.

"ALBERT,

"RINALDO."

Tancred concluded to send for assistance to his friend Salmaria, who, he knew would

promptly give it, for the succour of his son.

"Your noble son," said he, in his letter," is now a prisoner to Louis—his life was offered to him on condition that he would exert his influence with me to become tributary to Louis, but he generously treated the proposition with scorn; nay, even advised me to prosecute the siege, although he knew it would be at the expence of his life.—A truce of three days is agreed upon—send me assistance, or he must perish, without your help."

Towards the close of the second day, Salmaria himself, accompanied by most of the knights of his court, arrived. Salmaria had informed them of the connection between Albert and himself, and they all earnestly entreated that they might be suffered to give their assistance; many of those who had been defeated by him at the joust were of the number; so much had they been charmed with his conduct, during his short stay among them.

Although they were much fatigued by the forced march they had made, yet the impatience of Salmaria was not to be curbed. Although on the verge of three-score, he determined once more to put on his armour to save his beloved son.

Now behold the army drawn out—impatient of control, crying out, "Lead us to the battle—Let us save our idol—Let us punish the tyrant!"

Behold Salmaria!

..... He, above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stands like a tower.

He exhorts them by all the love they ever bore to him—by the sacred banner under which they fought—and by the oaths they had taken, to fight valiantly and courageously as became all true and loyal knights.

But O! my muse! what numbers wilt thou find,
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd.*

* I know no numbers better adapted "to sing," &c. than those of the sublime OSSIAN; I have accordingly made an extract, which, one of the first writers in the English language has said, that there "never were images of more awful sublimity employed to heighten the terror of battle." The curious reader may find something nearly equal to them in the 4th Book of the *Iliad*.

As Autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the two chiefs. As two streams from high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the plain: loud, rough, and dark, in battle, met Tancred and Louis; chief-mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts and smokes around. As the noise of the troubled ocean when roll the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven; such is the noise of battle.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[In the last No. of *Albert*, 6th l. from the end, for *court* read *camp*.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO THE EDITOR.

Parnassus, Aug. 9th, 1801.

SIR,

I am one of those mortals who are denominated by the world "whimsical, odd kind of people;"—and, as my story may prove entertaining to some of your readers, I shall relate it without further preface.

My father was a gentleman of large fortune, and considerable eminence in a neighbouring state. I was his only son; and, as he was fond and indulgent, to an extreme, he resolved to spare no expence upon my education. From the first glimmerings of reason on my infant years, to this day, I have been distinguished by a peculiarity of temper: every object that is new attracts me; every thing with which I am acquainted disgusts me; that which delights me to day, will be my aversion on the morrow. In short, I am as fickle and inconstant as the wind.

Possessed with an ardent desire of learning, I was soon master of the rudiments of the English tongue; but happening accidentally to meet with a Latin sentence, which I did not understand, I resolved upon acquiring that language, and my indulgent father provided me a tutor. I applied myself with wonderful diligence to study, had learned the grammar, and had advanced three colloquies into Corderii, when my teacher happening to express himself in Greek, I immediately became enamoured of it. My father permitted me to relinquish Latin, and I attacked Greek with great resolution: but, unfortunately, before the letters of the alphabet were impressed on my memory, I became attached to the Hebrew: in vain my tutor represented the consequences of my disposition; in vain he declaimed upon the energy of the Greek particles; I was deaf to his remonstrances, and determined to learn Hebrew. My father acquiesced, and I commenced its study. But in a little time I was tired of this also: I reflected that the dead languages would probably be of no service to me, and therefore set my heart upon Italian.

Having wearied my tutor with my whims, he refused to teach me any longer, and another was procured: but it would be needless to mention the various languages, I by turns began and abandoned. Tired of Italian, I reverted to French: this was relinquished for German: and Spanish succeeded an attempt to learn the Russian dialect. My father at length began seriously to take me to task, and I promised to pay more attention.

Geometry was now the object of my studies; for the first week I was delighted with tangents and secants, talked to the choachman of right-angle and triangle, and perplexed the cook with parallelograms and hexagons. About this time I visited an acquaintance who was learning Astronomy; he talked familiarly of Jupiter and Saturn, and seemed intimately acquainted with the constellations which were utterly unknown to me: ashamed of my ignorance, I began Astronomy, but ere I had acquired the names of the planets, I forsook it for Drawing; this was relinquished to study Music, and such was my constancy and attachment to this pleasing science, that I had become acquainted with bass, and could distinguish between flats and sharps, before I left it for Chemistry.

I had now attained my eighteenth year; and possessed a smattering of almost every science, without being perfect in any: with these qualifications I began to travel; and in three years time, visited the principal cities in America and Europe, and traversed part of Assia; yet such was the rapidity with which I passed through them, that I remembered little of them, except their names. Having returned home, and being put into possession of the inheritance which devolved upon me at my father's death, and which was principally ready money, I purchased a magnificent villa; but my innate whimsicality, and natural fickleness, would not suffer me to be long pleased with my new acquisition, and I sold my place for half its value: Indeed, I have reduced the fortune my father left me, from ten thousand dollars, to one fourth of that sum, and yet I am not by nature extravagant or prodigal.

Numberless have been the plans which I have formed, and various the conditions of life which I have tried; yet all became equally distasteful from possession; all have satiated me with their enjoyment. About two months ago I purchased a rural cottage, and a few acres of ground, not many miles from the city. As I was viewing my purchase I felt myself suddenly inspired by the sacred *nine*, and therefore named my retreat Parnassus. Workmen were immediately employed to render it more comfortable to its new title. A spring which has its source near the house was cleansed out, and denominated Helicon. The curant and gooseberry-bushes have been rooted up, and their place supplied by laurels. At the lower end of the garden stands a small building, which formerly served a more ignoble purpose; but which I have painted green, and named

the "Temple of the Muses." Upon the walls are painted *eight* figures, which would not be taken for the Aonian maids, were it not for their names, which are placed above them in large capitals. Perhaps you will enquire, "is there not *nine* muses?" I answer "yes;" but as I have altered the name of my negro wench, from Dinah to Urania, and as I cannot permit her to leave her work to grace the temple, she only takes her place amongst her divine sisters occasionally, as the building still answers its ancient *necessary* purpose, notwithstanding its late improvement. My old plough-horse, who was formerly called Dobbin, has been carefully curried, and metamorphosed into Pagasus: Jack, the plough-boy has a new suit of clothes, and represents Phæton, whilst I myself am his father, Apollo. These alterations are just completed, and please me so well, that I almost imagine I shall forget my usual disposition. To-morrow I begin to write poetry, and depend upon it, I will send you some of my effusions for insertion in your agreeable miscellany. Your's, &c.

APOLLO;

Formerly DAVID NINCUM.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Music exalts each joy; allays each grief!

ARMSTRONG.

IN all ages music has justly been held in estimation. It is indeed the express language of nature. Through this medium we are instinctively prompted to pour forth the effusions of grief or joy. "It is a language of delightful sensations, that is far more eloquent than words; it breathes to the ear the clearest intimations."

Sacred music is not only calculated to inspire the highest pleasure, of which our natures are susceptible, but also to promote our dearest and most important interests. It prepares the mind in a very wonderful manner, for the reception of those momentous truths, which are inseparably connected with our future and eternal happiness.

The pious and reflecting mind will readily acknowledge the efficacy of well regulated and properly selected harmony in public worship. How much it contributes to elevate the soul—to detach it from sublunary things—and to place it upon those objects, which are *pure, undefiled, and which can never fade away*. Its persuasive accents dilate and penetrate the heart:

Untwisting all the charms that tie,
The hidden soul of harmony.

MILTON.

With what ardent and pathetic zeal do the psalms invoke religious assemblies to unite in this sacred art of devotion; *Sing praise unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely; O sing unto the Lord a new song, &c.*

I was led to make the preceding remarks, from observing that Mr. Law had recommenced his meritorious exertions in the instruction of sacred harmony, Mr. Law is, I understand, strongly solicited to engage elsewhere as a teacher. I hope we shall exert ourselves to induce him to remain in our city. The metropolis of the union ought not to forego the honour and utility of patronizing a gentleman of Mr. Law's uncommon musical talents. The greatest advantage would unquestionably result to us from his services. His exemplary deportment, piety, and critical knowledge of music, together with a singular felicity in preserving order among his pupils, are circumstances which should endear him to the public in general, and to all the lovers of this valuable science in particular.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Pedestrian, No. 1.

TENTANDA VIA EST.

PATIENCE, thou mild divinity, let thy mild influence pervade the breast of every reader, aid him to toil through this number, and inspire him with the hope that in some future one he may meet with something to reward the exertion.

First then, as usual in a prefatory number to a periodical paper, let me produce my stock of promises, that so some estimate may be formed of the probable reward to be eventually received by the reader for his forbearance and perseverance. The design of this publication is to amuse and to instruct. This, it is true, has been the avowed purpose of every scribbler who has thought himself qualified to convey instruction or amusement to mankind, however miserably disappointed he may have been in the issue. Novelty is the grand attraction which binds the attention of men as in a magic spell. It is that consequently which must be the object to which all writers wish to attain, and in this respect, I shall not deviate from the beaten track. My having many leisure hours has induced me to frequently take a ramble in the environs of this large and populous city, and to the same motive may be attributed my intentions of making public those adventures which I meet with in my perambulations. Fortune has been in a greater degree fa-

vourable to me than many of my fellow-creatures, whose merits were at least equal, and frequently superior. I therefore consider it as my duty to participate with the poor and the wretched in those benefits which I enjoy. I wish not to assume any importance, but merely inform the reader of these facts, that they may operate as an introduction to the following series of numbers. They will contain the tales of distress, or of prosperity, which may occur in my rambles, that, in my opinion, will be probable to interest the feelings of the reader, to awaken in his bosom sympathising sensations, or draw the sigh of humanity for the misfortunes of poor frail mortals, doomed by the frowns of fortune, and the keen blasts of adversity, to encounter all the ills of penury. When I first determined to assume the pen, I felt myself at a loss respecting the title I should adopt. My peregrinations required that I should assume a name which would be indicative of the contents of my papers, and this ought to be that of a *Rambler*. This would not do, for a celebrated work had already appeared under that name, and I detest plagiarism as much as I do the idea of purloining the real property, of any kind, of another person. The *Wanderer* was monopolized by a brother scribbler; and although his work had never obtained the important form of a volume, yet it would border too much on abhorred plagiarism to assume it. At length I happened to stumble upon the present title, and after having recurred to various periodical works, and finding none with the appellation I had fixed on, I sat down contented. A few moments had elapsed ere I recollected that there was another obstacle yet to be surmounted—a motto;—nothing could be done without a motto, especially at the commencement of a work. I pondered and re-pondered, but I could recur to nothing but the motto I have taken, from my favourite author, that would be in the smallest degree appropriate, and that had been quoted by I know not how many. But after mature deliberation, I concluded that a quotation was no plagiarism, and although it had been used frequently, yet it was none the worse for the wear, and consequently I was authorised to adapt it to my purpose. Thus having overcome the principal difficulties, I thought there remained no impediment to be removed. Alas! I recollected that I was going to appear in a character perfectly novel, and that being totally unaccustomed to it, I ought to be particularly careful, and select those expressions which were suitable for an author to use. But pedantry is my

aversion, and very luckily remembrance coming to my aid, pointed out what I had before overlooked, that I was to remain incognito, and consequently if my work was damned by the public voice, yet, personally I should escape condemnation. This, it is true, was a relief, though I mortally hate to owe my safety to my being unknown; but seeing no better mode, I consequently adopted it. There yet remained a difficulty which I did not know how to obviate, and I therefore determined to submit, in this case, to the indulgence of the reader. This impediment to my pursuit after fame, was that detestable fault of egotism, so universally despised. I was determined, however, to recur to the mercy of the reader in this instance, and hope that the impossibility, in existing circumstances to avoid it, would be a strong argument in palliation of my offence. Thus, kind, gentle and indulgent reader, I have surmounted all these obstacles, introduced myself to your notice, and offered you the first fruits of my labours. U.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Gazer, No. 1.

“WHAT a contemptible profession—to stand *gazing* at the actions, at the behaviour of your companions. Certainly a person who is possessed of no more decency of behaviour than *gazing*, cannot be expected to write any thing that will be either instructive or amusing to those who are condescending enough to peruse his ludicrous lucubrations.”—Such, it is most probable, will be the sentiments of those who cast their eye at my title—Be calm for a moment my friend, consider what I mean by *gazing*.—Consider the actions of my illustrious predecessors, the Spectator and Looker-on, the former describing himself in one of his papers, so as to be known by his correspondents, says, that whenever they see a collection of people discoursing, or whenever a mob is drawn together, they may doubtless find him in the midst of them *gazing* at them; and what is *looking-on* but *gazing*. Thus you see *gazing* is not so contemptible a business.—But I have proceeded sufficiently far in this strain; let me desist from it, and inform you of my designs.

It is far from my intention to notice any little straying beyond the bounds of prudence, or *faux pas*, in domestic scenes—I have sufficient candour, if occasion requires, to inform them of it in private—and enough generosity to forgive.—But when the bold aggressor, regardless of the dic-

tates of reason and laws of morality, usurps the power of trampling them under feet—betrays and deserts helpless innocence—insults the unprotected—and defrauds the undesigning, then let him prepare for the sternness of my pen—Perhaps he will at first bid defiance to the laws of reason and justice—and as the almost unconquerable elephant, when first entrapped, scorns the feeble attempts of men to restrain him, exerts his utmost strength, and makes his enemies fly before him, yet calmly at length submits to his fate, and becomes docile; so perhaps this offender may at length listen coolly to the voice of reason—perceive the errors of his conduct—thank the *Gazer* for observing them, and his pen for informing him of them. But I do not intend to employ all my time in holding up to my fellow citizens the evil of their conduct; such an attempt would soon disgust them, and I hope I should not have occasion to do it. Such is our nature, that it is disagreeable to have our faults always presented to us, however gently they may be touched upon: I shall therefore occasionally exert my faculties to amuse as well as to instruct them, and if I have not the good fortune to please, it cannot be attributed to the want of desire. But indeed I cannot expect to please all, it is what has never been done. Tastes, dispositions and sentiments, are so different, that it must indeed be a paper admirably diversified, to suit every one. Knowing the impossibility of this, I do not attempt it; nay, I would not desire it. But should my lucubrations meet the approbation of the “discerning few,” it is all I can expect.

The writer of this has once before appeared in a periodical line, to considerable satisfaction; that, added to a relationship he can claim with his predecessor, the *Looker-on*, has not a little encouraged him in the present undertaking.—The *Gazer* will at all times be thankful for any literary communications, and will treat his correspondents, should he be favoured with any, with the greatest attention. It has been his destiny to meet with a great number of disappointments and caprices of fortune during his life, which probably may assist him in giving advice to others; and during his labours, should he cause happiness to smile over the heads of the oppressed, should he reclaim any from vice, or mitigate the sorrows of any of his fellow citizens, he shall think himself fully compensated for his labours. O.

REMARK.—If you should escape the censure of others, hope not to escape your own.

TO MISS..... H..... S.....

Wilt thou, fair excellence! with patience hear,

How I admire thy charms, thy mind revere?

Yes; mild as Zephyrs in sweet-scented May,
When gently o'er the flow'ry lawn they play, (thou art,

And sportive breathe their odours sweet,
And innocent as they, thy virgin heart.

If fictions wake the poet's sacred lyre,

And strains of sweetest harmony inspire;

If adulation can in magic verse,

Ideal worth—ideal charms rehearse:

Can such a mind, such charms, such worth as thine,

Fail to inspire the consecrated line? S. R.

ADDISON, after a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life, he dismissed not his concerns for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, but life glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent; after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, “Dear Sir! you sent for me, I believe, and I hope you have some commands; if you have, I shall hold them most sacred.” May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply!—Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, “See in what peace a Christian can die.” He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.

PHILADELPHIA,

SEPTEMBER 5, 1801.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 27th inst. Mr Charles Stewart, lumber merchant, to the amiable Miss. Catharine Greenwood, daughter of John Greenwood, state of Delaware....On the 3d inst. by the R. R. Bishop White, Mr. John Henry, merchant, to the amiable Miss York....On the 3d inst. by Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. John Cornell to Miss Mary Whittingberry....On the 3d, by the R. R. Bishop White, William Serjeant, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth B. Morgan, daughter of General Morgan.

.....At Powelton, on the 29th ult. by the R. R. Bishop White, Charles W. Hare, Esq. to Miss Ann Emlin.

.....At Newtown, in Buck's County, on the 27 ult. by the Rev. James Boyd, Mr. John Slack to Miss Jane Harvey.

DIED....In this City....On the 29th ult. Dr. Robert Bass, an old and much respected citizen.

.....In North Carolina, Gen. Joseph M'Dowell, late member of the Federal house of Representatives.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“W. B.” is informed that Mr. Law is not the author of the “*Communication*” in the 29th number of the Repository. No particular society, or individual, was charged, in that communication, with “quackery”; the term there is evidently used in a general sense, as we speak of quackery in physic, or in any other profession; and therefore neither the “*Uranian Society*,” nor any other society whatever, requires a defence from the charge there exhibited. The editor disclaims all partiality for Mr. Law, or his friends, and is incapable of judging of the comparative abilities of that gentleman as a musical professor; but W. B. in his remarks, exhibits such charges, pointed at Mr. Law as an individual, (a case materially different from the general charge of “quackery,” in the communication above referred to) that the editor does not think himself bound by any principle of impartiality, to give publicity to them, unless the writer thinks proper to take the responsibility of their meeting the public eye entirely upon himself,—in which case it will be necessary to leave his name and address at the office.

The editor lately received a note, informing him, that the two letters which appeared in the 31st and 34th numbers of the Repository, headed, “*Courtship*, by A. B.” are not original, but were copied from a book in the City Library, entitled, “*Sketches*, by Arthur Brown;” and during the present week, he received a letter from A. B. (who had probably been warned of the information lodged against him) attempting to justify his conduct on the ground that if these pieces had appeared as copied, they would have failed of answering the end the copier had in view; which was to reach reproof to a young lady of his acquaintance, who, it must be supposed, followed a line of conduct similar to that of Julia; and adds, that the young lady “appears, from her” subsequent “conversation and conduct, to have pondered on their contents.” This is acting upon the maxim, “that the end justifies the means;” a maxim that may suit A. B. but will not go down with the public, nor be submitted to by the editor; who has, on a former occasion, decidedly declared his sense of such conduct. It would therefore be a folly to reason the matter. But he begs leave to inform those young gentlemen (and their youth is perhaps the only excuse that can be offered for them) who have been so imprudent as to copy articles, and send them to the office as original, and such as may attempt the like in future, that if the present intimation is not attended to, their names shall be GRACED by a place in the Index to the first volume of the Repository.

“*Apollo's Letter*,” which appears in this week's Repository, contains a very excellent satire on a certain description of persons,—the editor, however, has some doubts of its originality, which he would be happy to have removed.

The letter from “*A Young Artist*,” is under consideration.

“*The Pedestrian*,” and “*The Gazer*,” have opened their budget; but have exposed nothing to public view but promises; an article that is to be had very cheap in every hole and corner of the city. It is to be hoped, however, that their succeeding numbers will produce ware of a more substantial nature.

“*Answer to R. W.'s Question*,” “*Leander's Elegy to a Friend*,” “*Tyro's Questions*,” &c. will appear next week.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed that their 11th payment will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

L I N E S,

Said to be written among the ruins of a Monastery on the borders of Piedmont, in Italy.

BENEATH these gothic walls with moss
o'erspread, (head,
Which high in air hang threat'ning o'er my
I love to ruminate on times long past.
When here, a stranger to war's howling blast,
The monk with look demure, and solemn
pace, (race,
Disclaim'd all converse with the human
Save those who, like himself, with slavish
pride,
The cheerful customs of the world deride;
And self-devoted to monastic gloom,
With eye of apathy beheld the tomb;
Where when they found life's cheerless jour-
ney o'er, (more,
And the warm tide by them was felt no
Receiv'd the stroke that every mortal must,
Doom'd among saints to mingle into dust—
Within these walls where once the cloister'd
fair, (the air;
Sigh'd at past scenes, and wish'd to breathe
Where free from superstition's dark control,
They might indulge the feelings of the soul,
The boding owl hides his detested head,
And ruin stalks with fierce destructive tread;
Here the foul birds of night with piercing
cry, (he;
Seek the dark nest where craving nurstlings
The heron's shrill note the tow'ring walls
resound, (round.
While echo spreads the gloomy shrieks a-
Along the walks adorn'd with mournful yew,
I musing call past ages to my view,
When bigots to their gloomy errors blind,
The brisk emotions of the heart confin'd;
Bade Beauty cease to please th' enraptur'd
eye,
And ev'ry breast the power of love defy;
Tore from the heart each sense of filial love,
And bade Religion place the mind above
All earthly comforts that are form'd to cheer
Life's thorny way, and make us happy here;
With harsh decree seal'd the fair virgin's doom
To all the horrors of a living tomb;
Bade her the pleasures of the world resign,
And to oblivion former joys consign;
Condemn'd secluded from connections dear,
To drop in solitude the silent tear;
Perhaps with feeble voice she pays to heav'n,
Those vows that first were to a lover giv'n.
Thou, pure Religion, wast by Heav'n de-
sign'd
To cheer and to illumine the human mind,
And point the road to Heav'n out to
mankind;
But not in joyless glooms to wrap the soul,
And the warm feelings of the heart control;
Not to seclude the fair in convents drear,
No much-lov'd friends with soothing con-
verse near.
With trembling voice they pious anthems
raise, (praise;
And with a faltering tongue their Maker

O'er every sense lethargic slumbers creep,
Or scenes regretted make them watch and
weep,

Till death approaches, then they kiss the rod,
And bless the stroke that takes them to
their God.

Thro' these lone aisles where solemn silence
reigns,

Once flow'd such heav'nly and melodious
strains,

That would constrain belief, the cloister'd
fair

Put up to Heav'n the voluntary pray'r.
But no!—when to their narrow cell retir'd,

They felt their breasts with other feelings
fir'd;

Found it in vain to strive with Nature's
pow'r,

And in keen sorrow spent the lonely hour;
Or pensive stroll'd among the tow'ring trees,

Whose tops, high waving, own the genial
breeze,

Adown the walks where no fair flowrets
bloom,

But dusky cypress shed funereal gloom,
Till o'er their bosoms melting languors steal,

Then to the Great Supreme they humbly
kneel,

To give the fiat merciful and just,
And their frail bodies mingle with the dust.

J.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

*The following few lines were the first ever attempted by
the Author, by giving them a place in your Repository
you will oblige a Subscriber.*

O! sweet Elvira! mistress of my heart,
Whose charms pierce deeper than the ar-
row's dart;

Whose hand alone can soothe my harrow'd
breast,

And make my mind serene, my soul at rest.

O! dearest maid! dare I my wish impart,
Ah, dare I hope to gain your hand & heart;

To lead thee, dearest fair, to Hymen's
shrine,

And there your future fate unite with mine.

S.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A C R O S T I C.

When brave Columbians burst oppression's
bands,

And o'er our shores was spread his blood-
stain'd hands;

Serene, unmov'd, unshaken in her cause;
He stood to guard his country's rights and
laws;

In battle fearless of the frowns of fate;
Nor less in council, than in action great.

Great chief! thy fame thro' ev'ry land shall
spread,

Though thou art number'd with the moul-
d'ring dead,

On ev'ry shore thy name shall be belov'd,
Nor from fame's records ever be remov'd.

ABEL RILAHMAM.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

*Please to insert the following as a counterpart to the
"YOUNG MAN'S AMUSEMENT," in your last number.*

THE YOUNG LADIES' AMUSEMENT.

Reading plays, or novels scanning;
Or interviews with young men planning;
Or thinking every eye that glances,
Something charming in them fancies.
Tripping thro' the streets so pretty,
Ogling beaux throughout the city;
Or thro' the window sily peeping,
Or dreaming of their beaux when sleeping;
Or wishing Hymen near at hand,
To tie them with his silken band;
Or calling Cupid with his torch,
To light the way to Hymen's porch.
But one idea thro' the whole,
Can occupy the maiden's soul;
Deny it, Ladies, if you can,
And that idea is—a MAN.

O. W.

THE DRUM.

I hate that *Drum's* discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities, and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry law and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign
lands.

I hate the *Drum's* discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans;
And widow's tears, and orphan's moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

SCOTT.

*[The above lines are a concise, but beautiful satire upon
all despotic Governments; but do not apply to a free
Government, like that of the UNITED STATES.]*

SIMILIS SIMILI GAUDET.

When Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorn'd with charms & beauty not her own,
Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had;
Ye gods! she cries, in ecstasy of heart,
How near can nature be express'd by art!
Well, it is wondrous like!—nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip,—the killing eye!
Blunt and severe, as Manly in the play,
Downright replies, Like, madam, do you say?
The picture bears this likeness, it is true,—
The canvas painted is, and so are you.

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swerable for the money as it becomes due.